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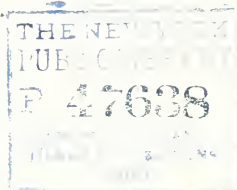
A. Forbes Esq.
with the respects of
John H. Swift


In Memoriam.

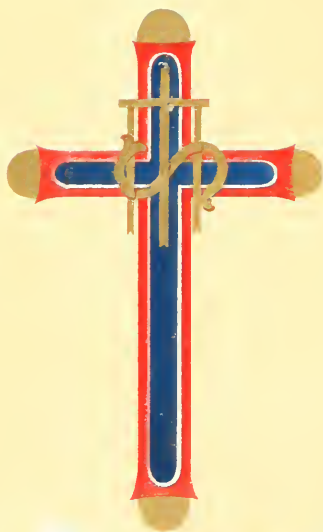
M. E. S.

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Looking into Jesus

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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To those who loved her
These brief Memorials
Are inscribed.

In Memoriam.

M. E. S.

AFFECTION delights to linger over its object. In a separation, for any length of time, from one much beloved, how will not Memory gaze after the dear form, recall the well-known features, listen in thought to the familiar tones of voice, hold communion still with the free spirit?

And when the parting is not for a time but for all time — when that mysterious veil which is the boundary between this world and the world unseen has fallen across our path, and gathered within its folds the beloved one from our earthly view for ever—when never again may greet us

the eye, the smile, the countenance, radiant with the kind and loving nature of which they were the index—when for the voice that was as gentle music through the house there is only a strange silence, and for the bright presence which made a daily sunshine a dull, blank desolateness—then, while faith follows the ransomed spirit into the throng of the redeemed, and gives God thanks for another added to the “thousands of thousands” who sing the new song of the Lamb, natural affection and Christian love will alike seek to beguile their sense of loss by gathering together and garnering up treasures of fond recollections, never-to-be-forgotten looks, and blessed deeds and undying words of love.

In thoughts and feelings such as these it is that the following pages have their origin. The subject of them was not of those who ask or expect the notice of the world. It is not to the

world that this record of her is given. Retiring in disposition, and lowly of heart, her path was, rather, like that of some quiet stream which, fertilizing and enriching the meadow through which it passes, is only traced in its tranquil course by the heightened verdure on either side of it. But though quiet and unobtrusive, hers was a life by no means inexpressive. In the home which she adorned and blessed, in the church which she loved and served, and among the friends whom, unconsciously, she so strongly attracted to her, she has left impressions to be cherished, and an example to be imitated, long after the first grief for her loss shall have passed away. And it is to those who thus knew and loved her, that these reminiscences of her graceful and fragrant life and her holy and beautiful death are affectionately given. They are the offering of a sixteen years' friendship to a loveliness of character

which served to make that friendship a period of unbroken Christian union, never dimmed by a cloud of doubt or coldness, nor marred by a single jar of misunderstanding.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH SWIFT was born, of English parents, in the village of Geneva, N. Y., in the year 1810. Her father Dr. Hortsen, had emigrated to this country with his family some years before. Mary was their youngest surviving child, and, according to family traditions, a very charming little girl, winning all hearts by her personal beauty and the sportive sweetness of her manners. The same traditions picture her a few years later as a maiden of exceeding loveliness, full of grace and sprightliness, with her dark eyes in their vivacity, like "the fish-pools of Heshbon," and the glossy tresses of her luxuriant hair waving to the breeze, as,

mounted upon her "white pony," she careered along the shores of the beautiful lake of her native town, carolling forth a tide of song as gay and free as that of the wild birds her companions.

The friendships of that period she retained to her dying day, and old schoolmates and play-fellows still mention with pleasure the name of Mary Hortsen. With her preceptress, Mrs. P——, she was a favorite and esteemed scholar, though she often spoke of herself as an unprofitable one. Perhaps, in the mirth and frolic of her youth, she may have been less diligent than some others ; but her natural powers were good, her understanding quick, her perceptions keen, her memory retentive, and these, with her native tact and refinement, sufficed to supply what was lacking in application. Without any pretension to literary tastes, she enjoyed books, and knew how to appreciate the best authors ; while in

poetry, unawares to herself, her taste was fastidious, her æsthetic nature instinctively rejecting every thing that was florid, common-place, or weak.

But it is on the development of her higher nature, and not on points such as these, that the pen of Christian affection loves to dwell. These, whether more or less admirable, were “of the earth, earthy ;” nor might they have been at all referred to, but that they were the elements afterwards moulded by divine grace into a character of so much Christian excellence.

When not yet eighteen years of age she became the wife of Mr. JOHN H. SWIFT, who, to the last moment of her existence, honored and cherished her as Heaven’s most precious gift ; and to his watchful tenderness and devotion it may be largely ascribed that her fragile life did

not, years ago, succumb to the disease which so long threatened it.

But while thus happy in her conjugal relation she was not without sorrow, that refining and purifying process wherewith "He who sits as the refiner and purifier of silver" never fails, sooner or later, to try his elect. Again and again was the darling of her heart taken from her, until, out of nine children born to her, only two survive. Some of these little ones, indeed, scarce drew a breath ere they passed into Paradise, but others of them lived long enough to have their places at the home table, by the fire-side, in the church and in the school. Happy for their mother that, before the severest of her losses came, she had learned to understand their meaning, and to know the secret of support and comfort under them.

Her mind was first awakened to deep religious

impressions at the death of her father, in 1829. At his bedside she, for the first time, partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and henceforth took her stand as a follower of the Saviour. The earliest effect of her new interests and aims was seen in an affectionate solicitude for the spiritual good of her husband and her, then, only child. After a time she had the happiness of winning her husband to the same profession of faith with herself, while her boy, her little son Willie, always repaid the assiduity with which she sought to train him in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." He was dutiful and loving, sweet and gracious. His mother was his dearest companion, and he delighted to sit at her knee, reading out of his little Bible or singing with her the hymns they both loved. He had inherited some of her tastes, particularly in music and drawing, and since her death,

among her private papers, have been found little treasured pencillings of his, dating back some twenty-five years. In his eighth year he died, and she was left childless.

Within a short time, however, another son was given her, and then a daughter, and after that, another son. Meanwhile she was called to mourn the loss of her good mother, who, after she became a widow, had spent much of her time with her daughter Mary, receiving from her all those marks of filial piety, in harmony with the rest of her character.

In the year 1846 the FREE CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION, N. Y., was opened for divine worship ; she and her husband were among its earliest friends, and to the end of her life her attachment to this church continued unabated. For its pastor, the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, she entertained an ardent and grateful affection. She

took pleasure in dwelling upon the benefits she derived from his teachings, which, she would say, educated and satisfied her soul, even as the animated and harmonious services of the church engaged and refreshed her heart. She was an Episcopalian by birth, by education, and upon principle, and there was in her nothing of narrowness. In this communion she had learned Christ ; and, taught of Him, she had also learned that all who call upon His name aright are one in Him, "baptized by one Spirit into one Body." She loved the chaste ritual of her Church, its ancient ministry and goodly order, its round of festival and fast, but she did not see in these things the only channel for God's grace and the spread of His kingdom. Truly catholic, as well as thoroughly evangelical, she rejoiced to give the right hand of fellowship to all who named the name of Christ in sincerity.

She delighted, too, to listen to the aspirations, nay the anticipations, of some who, looking out with faith-enlightened eye from the watch-towers of Zion, believe that the good time is coming when those who call themselves the Lord's shall no more spend their labor in sorting the "wood, hay, stubble" and what not, of the earthly and the perishable ; but laying hold of the "precious stones" of evangelical faith and love, see in them the elements of a world-wide church, against which the hosts of mammon and sin shall do battle in vain. Thoughts of this kind she loved to take part in.

It was at this time that, to meet a wish of her pastor's, she began the manuscript of the four Gospels, which now crowns the chancel of the chapel of St. Luke's Hospital. This remarkable work is too well known to her friends to need description here. It remains a beautiful monu-

ment of her taste and skill, her perseverance and her piety. In the execution of it she found much delight, oftentimes great solace. She was about two years in writing the text ; the illuminating ran through several years, interrupted frequently by illness and other trials. Indeed, the volume became to her a kind of family memorial in its association with one and another departed child, linked by small circumstances to this or that page of it. For her children were constantly with her, and they all in turn had something to do with "mother's book ;" mounted on a footstool, they would peer wonderingly over the big sheet, proffering their little opinions or lavishing upon it their infant admiration. Benjamin, a robust, intelligent boy of two and a half, was the first of these to go hence, and over his remains the burial service was read for the first time in the Church of the Holy Commu-

nion. He was snatched away by a terrible accident, if *accident* there can be in God's providence. The blow was crushing, but it was met submissively: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" No other language was heard.

With Mrs. Swift's partiality for the church of the Holy Communion, there came, naturally, a warm, affectionate interest in all belonging to it, in her fellow members, in the poor, in the schools. It was she who ministered to the first poor person who claimed the charity of the new congregation, a poor, dying woman, upon whom she waited with her own hands, soothing her last agonies; and it may be mentioned in passing, that, at her own death-bed, among the humble friends who came to kiss her hand for a last farewell, was the husband of this woman.

In the summer of 1849 she became, with an-

other member of the Church of the Holy Communion, a daily visitor to a cholera hospital in the neighborhood, where her ready kindness and Christian cheerfulness comforted and encouraged both doctors and patients.

It need hardly be said that in these good deeds she had always the sympathy and encouragement of her husband. In such things, each was ever an help meet for the other, and when they removed into their new house, it was a work of mutual interest and pleasure to receive to an entertainment, as a "house-warming," all the poorer members of the congregation:—a novel party, but not an unenjoyed one, either by hosts or guests.

The year following the opening of the church, a school had been begun in connection with it for the children of parents who could afford to give them a liberal education. The advantages of

such a school for their children Mr. and Mrs. Swift were quick to appreciate, immediately bespeaking places for the two old enough to attend. One of these children was Virginia, their only daughter and her mother's especial comfort. For two years and a half this interesting little girl continued a member of the school; at the end of that time she began to droop, and the last six months of her life she spent at her mother's side, learning only lessons for heaven. In her ninth year, on the evening of the Epiphany, 1850, she joined the other little ones in the home above.

This bereavement was more keenly felt than any that preceded it. Who that heard that mother's wail of anguish when the little body was removed from the house can ever forget it? Like David, "she lifted up her voice and wept." But they were not rebellious tears, and ere long she became tranquil again, and knew the sweet peace

of submission ; indeed, she lived to thank God that the thought of her own removal was not saddened by the prospect of leaving this cherished daughter behind her, exposed to the dangers and temptations of this so worldly age.

It was in connection with this little girl that the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion received a very valuable gift. Mr. and Mrs. Swift had always entered warmly into the idea of this society. They hoped for the day when bodies of devout Protestant women, living together for the purpose of giving themselves, undividedly, to works of charity, should be common amongst us, and they gave to the community connected with the church to which they belonged, many kind expressions of sympathy and support. Chief among these was the erection, for the Sisters' use, as a memorial of their only daughter, the beautiful stone dwelling-house adjoining the church of

the Holy Communion, and like it in architecture.

To repair the shock which Mrs. Swift's health had sustained in the death of this child, in the spring of the same year, a voyage to Europe was undertaken. She derived much enjoyment from this sojourn abroad, and returned at the end of eighteen months recruited in strength and spirits, and enriched by the gift of another infant son.

Two boys now formed her whole maternal charge, and to them was given the same anxious care for their moral and spiritual training as for little Willie, more than twenty years before. By letters, by counsels, by prayers, with them and for them, she would win them to heaven. Many of her letters to them are still preserved. An extract from one to her eldest son, dated ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, may have some interest here.

The Hospital was very dear to her heart. She loved it for its own sake, because it is a place of hallowed shelter and relief for the sick poor for whom she felt so keenly ; she loved it for the sake of the sisters in whom she took so deep an interest and whose field of labor it has become ; and she loved it also for the sake of its founder and head, whose undertakings always had her sympathy and her prayers. How she came to write from the Hospital, the letter itself explains :

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL,
Third Sunday after Easter, May 15, 1857. }

MY DEAR ——— :

I fear you will think it a long time since you heard from mother, so have concluded to spend the hour before afternoon service, not in sleep as usual, but in sweet converse with one who, though absent, is ever present with me. It is communion Sunday here ; Dr. Muhlenberg called yesterday to invite me to spend the day here and receive the communion with the inmates

of the Hospital I have enjoyed the privilege very much. There is such an air of repose, and a blessed peace seems to rest here.

The Dr. was exceedingly happy in a plain, practical and extemporaneous address, which all could understand, on our union with Christ and with each other through Him, taking for his text, "Ye are all partakers of that one Bread." It was a beautiful service; the doors leading into the wards were thrown open, and Dr. Muhlenberg's voice could be heard distinctly by all. After all in the chapel had received, the Dr. carried the consecrated elements into the wards, and administered to those who desired and were not able to sit up. The serenity resting on their pale emaciated faces, spoke plainly of the comfort and refreshment it was to their souls. Both pastor and sisters do their work faithfully to the souls and bodies of the poor weary ones under their charge. I am writing in sister A.'s room.

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It gladdened your father's heart and mine to know

that you have again confessed yourself at the holy altar, and renewed your vows of love and obedience over the sacred symbols of the body and blood of our dear Saviour. Oh, that you may henceforth live in strict conformity to those vows, and being again admitted into the fellowship of Christ's religion, have grace to avoid those things that are contrary to your profession, and to follow all such things as are agreeable to it, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord, who is able and willing to succor all those who come unto God through Him.

Her last letter, in handwriting as fair and clear as at any previous period of her life, was written just a week before her death. It was to her youngest son, Augustus, then at school in New Hampshire, on the occasion of his eleventh birthday, and remains an affecting witness of the loss the poor child has sustained. The letter follows entire :

MY DEAR GUSSIE :—I have asked Auntie for my pen which I had supposed laid aside for ever. My heart yearns towards my dear little boy on the return of this 27th day of May, and I desire that he shall have the last of his mother's letters. I would fain make it a long one. Much crowds upon me to say to you, but I have not strength. I trust mother's wishes will be sacred to you now, and that you will always remember the promises you made me, and the good resolutions you formed before leaving home.

Sister —— sent you a pretty little book of the Proverbs, as a parting gift, but it arrived too late for you to take it with you. I hope you will often read it and profit by its wisdom.

God give His angels charge over you, my dear child, to keep you in all your ways, and grant that after a life spent in obedience to His will, we may all at last be reunited, and be for ever happy with the Lord.

My son, hear the instructions of thy Father, and forsake not the dying words of

Your affectionate mother,

NEW YORK, *May* 27, 1862.

MARY E. SWIFT.

For a few years after Mrs. Swift's return from Europe her health, if not firm, was comfortable ; then came repeated attacks of pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs, one of which, in the year 1856, made such inroads upon her constitution that from this time she steadily, though very gradually, declined. But so bright was her nature, so fresh her heart, so unselfish her disposition, that only the fond ones who watched her most closely suspected how really feeble she was.

Often would she keep on in her accustomed household duties and the exercise of hospitality, when she might justly have excused herself ; for perseverance and industry were strong ingredients in her character. She had, besides, a gift of her own for accomplishing a multitude of little services for her family and friends without ever appearing much occupied. Perhaps one secret

of this was "a heart at leisure from itself." She was never too busy "to soothe and sympathise." And there was in her an absence of self-consciousness, a readiness to receive the intimation of a fault, a childlike transparency and simplicity, which, with her good sense, her true feminine grace, and

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,"

made her, to the end of her days, a most attractive and engaging person.

As we have seen, it was her portion to drink often of the cup of sorrow ; but her temper remained unsoured, her cheerfulness undimmed ; while her faith, her humility, and her wealth of affection, shone only the brighter as she approached the open presence of Him from whom all goodness flows.

The exertion which she most unwillingly gave

up was that of attendance upon the public worship of God. Ever as Sunday came round and it was thought best for her not to go to church, she was ready to cry out with the Psalmist, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." Her presence there became, necessarily, less and less frequent, except for the short period of the Communion service, which, from time to time, she was able to unite in almost to the last. On one occasion, after an absence of several weeks, she determined to attend the entire second service. Some of us remember the exhilaration of her spirits afterwards. "I have waited upon the Lord," she exclaimed, with something of triumph, "I have waited upon the Lord and He has renewed my strength."

The greater part of her sickness was gentle and painless, but during the last few months there were hours of distressing weariness and

unrest, to which positive pain would have been a relief. How severe this trial was is known only to Him who appointed it. It was the last visitation of His chastening love, and her faith was not suffered to fail under it ; though accompanied as it was by much disturbance of the nervous system, it was often a sore conflict between nature and grace to maintain her composure of spirit.

Speaking on this subject to the writer of these pages, to whom she was accustomed to unburthen her heart, she said, " I am so thankful sometimes to be alone when these feelings come over me, for then I can cry aloud to God, and that helps me." Again, in reference to the same kind of distress, she said, " Sometimes my mind is too distracted to find words of my own, and then I use that prayer of Jeremy Taylor's, which I know by heart," and in her own unaffected way she went on to repeat it as follows :

“Thou, who art the God of patience and consolation, strengthen me in the inner man, that I may bear the yoke and burden of the Lord without any uneasy and useless murmurs and ineffective unwillingness. Lord, I am unable to stand under the cross, unable of myself, but thou, O Holy Jesus, who didst feel the burden of it, be thou pleased to ease my load by fortifying my spirit, that I may be strongest when I am weakest, and may be able to do and suffer everything Thou pleasest, through Thee strengthening me. Lord, if Thou wilt support me, I will for ever praise Thee : if Thou wilt suffer the load to press yet more heavily, I will cry unto Thee, and complain unto my God ; and, at last, I will lie down and die, and by Thy mercies and the intercession of the Holy Jesus, and the conduct of Thy blessed Spirit and the ministry of angels, pass into those mansions where ”—she paused,

“ he says ‘ *holy*,’ but I say ‘ *pardoned*’ — souls rest and weep no more.”

But God be praised, the load was not suffered “ to press more heavily.” She had feared a yet severer agony, but it came not, and as the end drew on, this restlessness and disquiet passed entirely away. “ At eventide it was light ;” yes, light and gladness ; witness the joyous communion at her dying bed on the evening before the day on which she went hence. Her eldest son, whom she earnestly desired to see, had been telegraphed, and came just in time to unite in the heavenly feast. His arrival was a great satisfaction to her, and then, more composed than those around her, she took part in the arranging of the room, directing where the communion table should be placed, etc. “ There must be no sadness,” she said, “ I want a cheerful communion—we must sing ;” and though she had been, for a long

while, unable to use her voice in this way, she joined in the hymn, 'Rock of Ages,' breaking out joyfully in a clear, sweet tone in the last words, 'Let me hide myself in Thee.' And when the hallowed service was over, how full was her happiness. "I have done with earth ; I have all that I wanted. I wish I had served God better, but—no matter now, Christ has done all for me. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that nothing can separate me from Him."

It is wonderful now to look back to the last thirty-six hours of her life, and see how strong and clear her spirit was as she stood on the utmost verge of the eternal sea, all ready to take wing. On the morning of the day before her last, she said : "This is the first time that I have not been able to say my morning hymn. I had no breath for *uttered* prayer this morning. But afterwards the oppression passed off, and she was

able to take her usual pleasant part in the conversation of some friends who visited her; among other things, reciting with much calmness some verses of an exquisite little poem, written by a deceased friend, Mrs. Joseph Cooke, in her last illness, many years ago. The verses were great favorites with Mrs. Swift, and the parallel in them to her own case made her recital of them affecting.*

The last night of her life was a very comfortable one. "He who giveth His beloved sleep" granted her some hours of sweet repose, only broken, if broken it was, by words of murmured prayer. "Lord, pity me. Lord, sanctify me." Thus "praying always, she prayed in sleep." Toward day-dawn, the friend, whose privilege it was to watch these precious hours, thought she observed a change, and proposed calling her husband, but she objected. "No, no, A——, I

* For the poem alluded to, see page 47.

have had such a coldness before ; he has wept tears enough, let him sleep." He was not sleeping, however, and soon after entered the room, when she saluted him with more than her usual cheerfulness ; reminding one of a sentiment of the poet's, which seems to have pleased her, for a copy of it was afterwards found in her own handwriting :

" Life ! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part where friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost both pang and tear :
So steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,—
Say not ' good-night,' but in yon happier clime,
Bid me good-morning."

And thus, thoughtful still for others, she had a bright word of sympathy and kind counsel, suited to their different circumstances, for each of the servants in turn, as they came about her.

These things are mentioned as showing how calm and collected she was, with her life ebbing so fast to its close.

To an old Christian friend, whose prayers she had often asked and always valued, she sent a message of love, adding, "Tell her I have what she would call dying grace;" while repeatedly, when asked how she felt, she answered, "In perfect peace of body and soul."

And then, as the report of her approaching end circulated in the neighborhood, and kindred and friends came for a last look at her whom they all loved, how graceful were her Christian farewells. To one, her husband's brother, she said, "Dear M——, good-bye, you've been a kind brother to me." To another, a long-time and much attached neighbor, "Good-by, Mrs. H——, we've been lovely and pleasant in our lives, perhaps we shall not long be divided in

our deaths." To another, "I have not set you as good an example as I might have done, or you would have cared more for your salvation, but don't neglect it now ; use the eleventh hour." To the coachman who had driven her out for her airings, and who knelt in a burst of tears, kissing her cold hand, she said, "Good-by, S——, thank you for all you've done for me ;" in a similar manner, also, she thanked the other servants.

What she said, in these last moments, to her husband, her children, and her dear and only sister, is not for record here. Her latest articulate word was to her husband, "My dearest !" then came an hour of placid repose, perhaps of unconsciousness, then a momentary struggle, and all was over.

She died at a little past mid-day of the 3d of June, 1862. Three days after, all that was mortal of her was deposited in Trinity Cemetery,

N. Y. By an interesting coincidence, the Rev. Dr. Dorr, of Philadelphia, who administered to her her first church communion, and the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, who gave her her last, were united in the services at her grave ; Dr. Dorr performing the act of interment, while Dr. Muhlenberg said the words.

A goodly company followed the beloved dust to its last resting-place ; and were it of value here, many evidences of the respect in which she was held might be gathered from the letters of sympathy addressed to her husband. Some passages from one of these are given. The writer, a friend of thirty years' intimacy, after asking for some of the circumstances of her last hours and a copy of her last letter, goes on to say :

“Excuse me for troubling you, but any incident of her beautiful life would be interesting

and prized by me, and would have almost a sacred influence. Her virtues were examples for our imitation, and should be before us, and be cherished by us all. . . Her life belongs to the Church and to Christianity. . . To know one so excellent was a privilege, and we cannot but know her as one of the saints of God. I have felt the death of no one for years so keenly, so deeply, as that of Mrs. Swift. Your loss, my dear friend, is irreparable, but her gain we cannot conceive. Blessed be the Holy Spirit of God who so dispensed His abundant grace to her as to make her what she was to you, to her dear children, to all who knew her. Oh, may we profit by the tie that bound us, and does still bind us, in communion with her dear spirit."

In an address at the communion on the Sunday following her death, her pastor thus speaks of her :

“As a most loving wife, one, if ever, a gift from the Lord ; an affectionate and prayerful mother, a steadfast and tender friend, and the kindest of neighbors, I might dwell upon her memory, were eulogy the object of these remarks ; as I might also speak of her native refinement of mind, and an exquisite taste in the fine arts, in one of which she had talents for excelling.

“She was producing paintings of landscapes which gave promise of much success with her pencil, when she laid it aside, or rather gave it another direction in that work of consecrated genius, her manuscript Gospels, originally designed for this Church of her love, but which is now the gem of the Chapel of St. Luke’s Hospital, not less near her heart.

“But at this place and hour we love to think of her only as to her Christian attainments.

Ever pervaded with genuine humility, there was a peculiar charm in the unaffected ways in which she showed her feelings,—her low estimate of herself.

“Through the last months of her life she had grown daily in affection for the Word of God, frequently saying, ‘I desire no other book now,’ and how much she had fed on the heavenly Word was manifested in the wonderful appropriateness with which she applied it in conversation. When the death-dews were upon her brow, a few hours before her release, she conversed with a friend on the application of some of those passages wherein the grace of the Holy Spirit is compared to water, correcting a misquotation of a passage from St. John. Truly her ‘peace was as a river.’

“Of a highly nervous and susceptible temperament, she had had a great dread of the physical agony of the hour of dissolution, enquiring

of me, with solicitude, of the manner of dying of those in the Hospital having the same disease with herself; but towards the last her faith rose superior to every fear. ‘I think no more about it. I am in the Lord’s hands, He will not lay upon me more than I can endure, and when I can bear no more, it will be the end.’ And the good Lord graciously compassionated the apprehensions of His handmaid, leading her so gently through the dark valley that she did not think she had entered it.

“As her pastor and teacher in spiritual things, great was my happiness in the clear views she had of her salvation, solely through her union with Christ. In His atonement she saw the free and full pardon of her sins. In His righteousness alone, her justification. She distinctly understood and was of one mind with Paul, when, with him, she said, ‘I know whom I have be-

lieved—I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.’

“Not a thought of the merits of her good deeds mingled with her hopes of acceptance with God, and yet never was any one more ready for them. One of her last requests was that a bed in her name might be founded in St. Luke’s Hospital to be always filled by a consumptive, who should also lie on the same water-couch which had been so great a comfort to herself.

“At this festival of the Lord and Giver of Life,* devoutly will we give thanks that another soul from among us has so surely entered into Life.”

These remarks were delivered in the church, where, for so many years, she had been a worshipper. In the Chapel of St. Luke’s Hospital also, her departure was not suffered to be wholly

* Whitsun-day.

unnoticed ; for aslant the open page of the Illuminated Gospels, her own beautiful handiwork, there was placed a mourning band of folds of purple crape, bearing in the centre a simple inscription of her initials, and the day of her entrance into Eternal Life—a mute, but expressive tribute to the goodness and talent which has thus passed from among us.

Since her death, many affecting tokens of her taste, her sensibility, and her sanctified affections, have been found among the sketches, extracts, and other memoranda of her portfolio ; a transcript of one of these relics, drawn when disease was robbing her right hand of its cunning, is given in the illuminated cross and motto, “ LOOKING UNTO JESUS,” which follows the title-page of this little book. It lay folded by itself, and labelled in her own handwriting, “ *The last painting of M. E. S.*”

The last! The last! How could we bear this knell of the heart, if we might not believe that the very last of Earth is the first of Heaven? And thanks be to God, we do believe, and are sure, that, "looking unto Jesus," to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. Blessed thought, too, that "whether we wake or sleep, we live together with Him!"

“The whole Family in Heaven and Earth.”

Eph. iii. 15, et seq.

THE Family of Christ ! Or here or there,
 Named by His name, and nourished by His love ;
 Together in the glorious hope we share,
 Pilgrim of earth or waiting saint above :
 Death, though he snatch our props with ruthless hand,
 And, till they bleed again, our heartstrings sever,
 May break no link of this bright, golden band ;
 Inwrought of Christ, it groweth, strengtheneth, ever.

Groweth and strengtheneth by our very pain ;
 For those of whom we say that “ they are gone,”
 Haply, are nearer in this blessed chain
 Than when we thought we had them all our own :
 Nearer our holiest hours they e'en must be
 Since fault, infirmity, and imperfection,
 Those clouds of earth which all below must see,
 Hinder for them, no more, divine affection.

God of the living ! God in Christ our Head,

In whom we live—whose own can never die—

Life of our life ! Life of our holy dead !

Bind us, aye closer, in this bond most high :

Teach us to know, with those now taught above,

The boundless riches, the exceeding treasure,

The height, and depth, and breadth, of Thy dear love,

Thy grace unsearchable, surpassing measure !

A. A.

The following is the poem referred to at
page 33 :

LINES OVER A GRAVE.

DID she suffer long ? O yes ! and 'tis best
To wipe our tears when such weary ones rest ;
Fond hearts watched o'er her for many a day,
Lest life's torn petals should fall to their clay :
But they fell to their clay.

Did she sorrow to live ? when her husband was near
There lay 'neath her eyelid an unshed tear ;
But it trickled not till her boy drew nigh,
And asked his pale mother *never* to die !
Never to die !

Did mind flit from her, with death afar,
And left it the gate of the grave ajar,
While tenantless life, outlined as before,
Was the shadow of mind through that open door ?
Through that open door ?

No—praise to Jehovah ! for mercy thus shown,
The light and its shadow at once were withdrawn ;
Yet she trimmed her Faith ere she went away
God grant there was oil in the lamp that day,
In the lamp that day.

The funeral train like a gulf-stream wound
 Through the ocean of life that was heaving around ;
 In silence it moved, as the wreck they bore,
 Where the grave-stones pebble the church-yard shore,
 The church-yard shore.

We lingered long by that cold grave-side,
 While back to the world swept the funeral tide ;
 Far from the death-beach it ebbed away,
 Nor missed from its bosom a drop of spray,
 A drop of spray.

And must dust absorb it ? Ah, no !—if she shone
 Among Christ's jewels a precious stone,
 When judgment shall open the grave's rough shell,
 She may lie a pearl—but we cannot tell—
 We cannot tell.

S. W. C.

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